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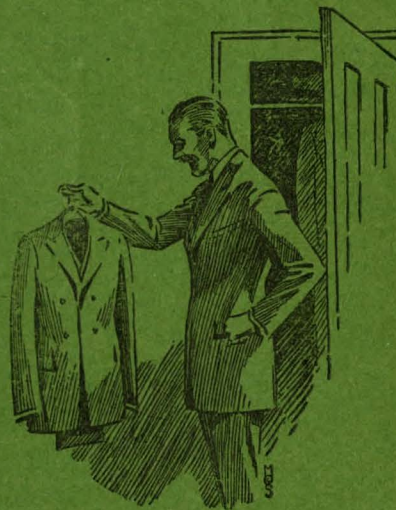


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THE SPIRIT



VOL. 11

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 10

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MARCH 17, 1922

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Literary Edition

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LITERARY

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SENSE OF HUMOUR

Without doubt I am venturing into dangerous territory when I attempt a subject so broad, and one requiring such delicacy of treatment as this one. However, after reading numerous treatises on it by supposedly intelligent persons, I do not feel so ignorant or so unqualified as I might. It is unlikely that this effusion will cause very much stir, as one essay on this most common subject will have but little effect on the total sum of human knowledge, or the lack of it.

What is a sense of humour? It is very hard to define in terms that are universally acceptable, especially since everyone has his own ideas on the subject. Were one to inquire, no doubt he would get as many definitions as he directed inquiries. But from the data that I have collected in my slight experience in meeting people, invariably I find that everyone is quite sure that he has a sense of humour, and moreover, is the only one of his acquaintance who has. While I would not seem sarcastic, I claim that the stateliest minister that ever sent a trembling soul to eternal damnation is just as firmly convinced of the existence of his own sense of humour as the man who draws the Gumps in the daily paper. Should you accuse such a person as lacking this most essential quality, he would immediately take fire and try seriously to prove to you the scandalous inaccuracy of your assertion. To me, at least, this would quite definitely prove the truth of the charge.

It has been said that the sense of humour is the ability to appreciate wit. This is quite true, but to be a fair definition it

must make no distinction as to identity of the author of the wit or its butt. Wit is wit, for a' that, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. It is noticeable that my appreciation of a joke is deeply impaired if I am its object. The jokes that my enemies make against me always fall particularly flat. But when after great mental effort and the use of extraordinary brilliance of wit I have thought up a really good joke on someone else, it is most disconcerting to observe the shameful stupidity with which he fails to observe the point.

But there are some people, sad to relate, who inevitably fail to see a joke until everyone else has forgotten all about it, and when finally its equisiteness has percolated through the bony sheaths that protect their delicate brains from contact with the outside world they burst forth into uncontrolled merriment, much to the displeasure of any others who may be present. One can sense an inaudible wish to page the Fool Killer after such an exasperating occurrence has taken place. Of course those persons who are guilty of such breaks are the last ones to see wherein they have sinned.

Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a sad fact how few well developed senses of humour we possess in this day and age. Time was, and not so very long ago at that, when an abundance of really witty writers succeeded in selling their wares to the appreciative public. But that was the day when the tired business man came home from work to the bosom of his family and took time to read any books or periodicals that he might have purchased on the way. But now the tired business man has cast aside the smoking jacket and

the comfortable Morris chair for the silk hat and the dress suit, and he spends his evening at the theatre, or still worse, at the movies, where he sees the latest thing in feminine bedroom attire draped on living models. If some unaccountable reason should keep him at home, he spends his time reading some smutty comic paper filled with obscene jokes and suggestive drawings. One might say that the appreciation of wit has succumbed to the appeal of the lascivious, and that the prevailing tendency is to allow joy to be unrefined.

One noticeable example of the dearth of the sense of humour is the intellectual movement. How many people go to uncomfortable draughty rooms to listen to some long-haired self-styled poet reciting his free and unbridled verse? An astonishing number, it is quite certain. The unaccountable part of it all is that these people take the windy exuberations seriously. They ponder long and weightily on the meaning of this or that expression, and look with a literary microscope for the spoor of the elusive idea. Anyone possessed of the now rare sense of humour could tell them that the idea was non-existent, even in the mind of the author.

The saddest fact is that some of these writers take themselves seriously. They never rest their make-believe, and would be horrified if they should take a little time from dew baths and thoughts on free love to do a little introspection. They would find themselves very shallow and inconsequential, and as they have no sense of humour, undoubtedly they would jump into the most inconvenient mud puddle, wherein they would immediately and ingloriously drown.

Now just what is the point of this windy tirade? If there is any at all, it is that we should endeavor to "swing back to normalcy." Read the comic section of the Sunday paper. It is not nearly so immoral as some of the college humorous magazines. True, it is not art, but it is human. Let Tagore rest for a fortnight, and read a little George Ade. It will be a shock at first, but it will be worth the effort. We'll all live longer and be happier. On the other hand, cut out the bedroom farces and similar incentives to immorality and stay

home in the evening and read a little Mark Twain to the family. If you are a girl, rely less on expensive massage cream and perfume, and more on your personality to attract THE man. If you are a young man, discard the smutty story and try your hand at something better. If you are a woman, forget politics and the Woman Question, and learn how to cook a decent meal. If you are a man, pay your wife the same attentions you do your stenographer, and see how asinine they are. Try to develop a sense of humour, so that your self esteem will not reach such a height that a possible fall would be fatal. A sense of humour is a good haven for emotions. Remember the court fool who could utter a brilliant pun when his heart was breaking. At any rate, it postponed the process for a little while. A sense of humour will save us many hard knocks, will keep us endurable to our associates, and ultimately will give us the closest possible approach to constant and even happiness.

HEAT VERSUS COLD

Pretty little Mrs. Harner was huddled on the bottom cellarstep sobbing as if her heart would break. Not a very promising situation in which to find a young bride, you say? No, it wasn't but she had four perfectly good reasons for being in such a damp state, viz:

1. The furnace was out.
2. Bob, otherwise Mr. Harner, had gone to the city for three days.
3. She was lonesome.
4. It was cold.

You will, no doubt, perceive at once, the relation between these serious causes.

Never-the-less, Dorothy Harner, like the brave little woman that she was, presently dried her tears, and turned her attention to vigorously poking the stupid furnace. It refused to be coaxed, however, and remained as black and desolate as before, causing her to return to the cellar step and draw Bob's new blue dressing gown more closely about her.

She made a pretty picture of despair. Her dark bobbed hair had become slightly damp and disordered and curled lovingly on her flushed cheek. The blue dressing gown,

borrowed for the occasion added a new depth of color to her violet eyes.

I wish I might tell you how her Bob returned home and found his bride in the afore mentioned position. He would adoringly carry her up stairs, dry her tears and coax back her smile. And lo! The furnace would miraculously begin to blaze and everything would be lovely once more.

However, I must adhere strictly to the truth. In reality she sat there for over an hour and no knight-errant came to effect a rescue. As the time dragged on her thoughts became more and more rebellious.

She would go back to her father and mother in their warm, steam heated apartment. They wanted her. They would never leave her to manage a prosaic furnace. Bob no longer loved her, that was certain. She thought bitterly of the fickleness of men in general. Her period of happiness had been so short. He was tired of her already.

He had gone to the city on business, had he? How foolish she had been to believe that. Well, she would not be imposed upon longer.

In the strength of her decision she ran up the stairs to her room and wildly began to toss a few things into her bag. She was going to return to the parental nest. Bob didn't even care enough to write to her. Well, perhaps when he returned and found her gone he would be heart-broken. She hoped so.

In spite of her own bruised heart she spent a great deal of time in dressing and when she finally immersed from the house she was faultlessly attired from the tip of her "flapper" pumps to her saucy red hat. She noted with a feeling of exultation the approving glances of several men of her acquaintance whom she passed on the street. If Bob did not appreciate her, there were others who did.

She made the 5:27 with two minutes to spare. After she had comfortably settled herself she allowed her thoughts to precede her to Cleveland. What would her father and mother be doing? Would they be glad to see her? She wondered what Bob in Cincinnati was doing. She hoped he hadn't taken more cold. He was so careless about his health. He really needed someone to look after him. With a little sigh she told

herself that she hoped he found her very soon.

By the time the train drew near the city she had admitted to herself that she didn't really want to leave Bob; she only wanted to frighten him and make him appreciate her. She was rather sorry that she had left their little home. Perhaps, dear, pattering Mr. Thompson would have started the furnace for her. Then too, she was a little afraid her father would laugh at her for coming home. He always treated her as an irresponsible child.

So it was not such a blithe figure that descended from the train in Cleveland. To add picturesqueness to a situation already unpopular, it was raining. As she gave directions to a red-cap about a taxi she noticed a familiar figure and with a glad cry she ran up and threw her arms about it. "It" was Bob.

"Why dear, what made you so late" he asked. How reassuring his dear masculine voice sounded. "Did you miss the 4:30?" "I wrote you to come then so we could have dinner together down town before going out to your parents. But no matter. What have you been doing? My, it's good to see you."

It was well for Dorothy Harner that her husband was so absorbed in her that he didn't notice her confusion. After she recovered from the shock of seeing him, the import of his words reached her senses and her little flapper conscience asserted itself. He really loved her and he had written her to meet him in the city. She admitted to herself that she had been rather absurd to think of leaving him. What a dear he was!

She instantly made up her mind to keep him in the dark forever concerning the stubborn furnace and her silly flight, and to this end she regained her mental equilibrium and chatted unceasingly on the way to the waiting motor. How familiar her father's car looked and how nice it was to see Rupert at the wheel.

She sank down into the soft cushions and as Bob closed the door gave a sigh of relief. The car was warm!

NEARLY TRUE

Grades received are inversely proportional to the distance from the instructor.

A VOICE IN THE DARK

By Isabelle Little

Aw gee! This ain't any fun, jest standin' around lookin' at things and feelin' awful inside n' out, mostly out!

You know, last night 'fore Jim come ter see Eileen, ma says ter me, "Now dear, you go right up stairs to bed and don't bother."

Well, it wasn't late 'tall n' so I jest sneaked into the front room 'stead a goin' up stairs and I says to myself, "I'll jest look at all them funny fishes n' animals n' everything that Dad's got." But I didn't dare turn on the light so I jest had ter sit n' think how mad ma'd be if she knew I wasn't in bed.

Well, I guess I must a' fell asleep 'cause all of a sudden I woke up n' heard some one a' sayin' real soft like, "Let's turn the light out." I was jest goin' ter yell when somethin' inside says ter me, jest like the Bible, "Listen and learn." So I decided I wouldn't say a word to scare Eileen n' I was jest a' thinkin' how good I was a' gettin' when I heard her say, "Isn't the world of nature superb this evening? The stars hang like brilliant gems in the sky. And the moon—Oh, Jim! Isn't it wonderful?"

Then they came a' walkin' right towards me so clost together ya couldn't see a crack between em' an' all of a sudden I knew they was going' ter look out the window n' here I was sittin' right in front of it. Well I started ter haul my leg out of the way real gentle like, and I had it almost there when Jim stumbled over it.

He throwed his arms ter ketch himself n' knocked ma's best Artesian vase off the stand. Gee! He must a gone to church ever since he was a kid ter learn all the things he said.

Finally they got done talkin' about the "grandeur" of the night n' went n' set down n' talked some more. Pretty soon I heard a noise jest like sis was a turnin' on the lights but they didn't go on. Then I heard it again n' I forgot that I was supposed to be in bed n' said, "Aw, let me fix 'em," jest as Eileen said, "Oh, Jim! You said jest one."

Then the lights went on n' I went out.

I don't think we half 'preciate our opportunities 'cause I'd give most anything if I could go ter bed now.

ADVICE ON NOO YANK

By Camilla Sorenson

My own dear Melindy:

Owin' to the fact that your tears flowed so fast and free the past two days because you was a leavin', I figured I couldn't give you any advice, so am for doing it now.

I figured you'd have yerself partly composed by the time you was three days out—enough so's that you'd begin to appreciate your lovin' Jawn and the li'l ol' farm down in Arkansaw. Tonight when I looked out toward the barn, I figured my Melindy would be fer a wishin' she could see something stable—a clothesline on the south, a hen house on the east, a barn on the west, and a real Arkansaw mule a hee-hawing in the north. As it is you've got the so-called bonny blue sea on the south and on the north and on the east and on the west. At that, I betcha you don't know which way is north. Allus remember if you stand the right way you'll be facin' north. You want to be sure and remember that when you get to some of them big cities.

Say Melindy, don't go and put on that silk dress on the boat, cause furriners are allus lookin' for some easy goin', kind-hearted Yankee to swipe their money from. Don't have a derved thing to do with anyone but what's got a look of Arkansaw stuck all over him and a wisp of real Arkansaw hay stickin' out of their suit somewheres.

My Melindy, I'm tired of this city life. It don't have nothin' on ol' Peavine, Arkansaw. The buildin's are too derved high. Can't see over them. As to the Statue of Liberty, I don't think that's so swell. I shed think she'd get tired standin' up all the time. I allus figer when it's rainin' she'd find an umbrella would be lots more serviceable than that torch thing.

Say, I learned one thing here tho. They say thet if you starve a pig one day and stuff him the next you'll get the best bacon. Thet way it makes a strip of lean and a strip of fat.

Well, the time is growin' short and this letters growin' long, so I figure I'd better quit. I'll write to you again and tell you how to get along in the cities.

Your lovin' Jawn.

IN MEMORY OF MARY SLOAN

The entire student body of Ames High was saddened last Wednesday when the announcement was made in assembly that Mary Sloan of the Sophomore class had passed away the night before. Her illness dated back to the beginning of the second semester at which time she was vaccinated.

Mary will always be remembered as an industrious student. A Spirit reporter for the Sophomore class, active in the Tatapochon Campfire and will be sorely missed in these activities, as well as by her many friends.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Sloan living on West street. She is survived by her parents and a younger brother and sister. Mary was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, July 10, 1905. There was no funeral service held in Ames as the body was taken to Keosauqua, Iowa, for burial.

PIONEERS OF AMES HIGH

Alumni, you know, are not just those who have graduated a year or two years ago, but all who have ever graduated from this school. The following is a list of the members of the first five graduating classes to receive their diplomas from A. H. S.

Class of 1878

Mr. A. B. Maxwell, Ames, Iowa.
Mr. J. J. Grove, Ames, Iowa.

Class of 1880

Grace Bartlett, Detroit, Mich.
Emma Hall Dawson, South Prairie, Wash.
Mrs. Agatha West Ramsey, Rock Rapids, Iowa.

Class of 1881

Lotie Gilbert White (Deceased).
Mrs. Kitty Barret Carlton, Earley, Iowa.
Harriet Porter Haywood, Missionary in Porto Rico.

Mrs. Summers Holcomb, Boulder, Colo.
Mrs. E. A. Bullock, Norfolk, Nebr.
Mrs. Martha Wilson, Ames, Iowa.
No class graduated in 1882.

Class of 1883

L. C. Tilden, Ames, Iowa.
F. B. Spence, Ames, Iowa.
Taylor Kendall, Omaha, Nebr.
Harry Heighton, Arizona.
Fred Lucas (deceased).
Thomas Swan (deceased).

Rose Bartlet (deceased).
Kate Shields (deceased).
Mrs. Mary Crozier, Norfolk, Nebr.
Olive Butler Lake, Arizona.
Birdie Estess Johnston, Minneapolis, Minn.
Susie Daniels Perkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
No class graduated in 1884.

Class of 1885

Eva Star (deceased).
Earls Granger, Randolph, Mass.
Rosco Miller, Escondido, Cal.
Frank Haverly, Ames, Iowa.
Bernice Sheldon, Ames, Iowa.
Mrs. Hattie Sargent, Boone, Iowa.
Effie Thomas Stuart, Cedar Bluffs, Nebr.
Bertha Soper Costello, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Wynn Nourse, Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. Lulu Ringheim, Nevada, Iowa.
Mrs. Clara Manning, Ames, Iowa.
Mrs. Jessie Hamilton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Mrs. Florence Kuehl, Willamette, Ill.
Jennie Parkhill, Ames, Iowa.

MRS TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM

The first annual Junior class play will be given tonight in the auditorium. The cast and Miss Lynch have been working hard and long on it and expect their work to be well rewarded tonight. This is the first year that a play has been given by the Junior class but it is hoped to establish it as an annual custom. The proceeds of the play will be used in the general fund and also as an aid to the Junior-Senior banquet. The cast is as follows:

Jack Temple-----Norman Graves
Frank Fuller-----Clinton McElyea
Capt. Sharpe-----Charles Welch
John Brown-----Vincent Roupe
Wigson -----Bevier Spinney
Mrs. Jack Temple-----Beryl Spinney
Mrs. Frank Fuller-----Margaret Proctor
Dorothy -----Jeanette Kuehl
Mrs. John Brown-----Kathryn Judge

The action of the play is supposed to take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mayfair, London.

YOUR MISTAKE

No Oswald, pruning trees is not the process of picking the prunes off. Prunes grow on bushes and are mined like grape nuts and malted milk.

CULLED FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

The Chamois is valuable for its feathers; the whale for its kerosene oil.

The feminine gender of friar is toastress. There were no Christians among the early Gauls; they were mostly lawyers.

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Four animals belonging to the cat family are the father cat, the mother cat and two little kittens.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angles. The purpose of the skeleton: Something to hitch meat to. The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

When Cicero delivered this oration he was a prefix.

George Washington married Martha Curtis, and in due time became the father of his country.

Sixty gallons make one hedghog.

The stomach is just south of the ribs.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

The rosetta stone was a missionary to Turkey.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroads to its employes so that they can spend their vacations in the mountains.

The qualifications of a voter at a school meeting are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Achilles was dipped in the River Styx to make him immortal. —The Spud.

FAKING?

Some of the girls who were so bold after they found out about Douglass' "dead man's" finger were struck speechless at the time. Distance lends safety; knowledge gives assurance.

The Result of Reading Shakespeare

Senior—See that little leaflet blown by the breezelet, floating on the wavelet?

Her Brother—You'd better go to the backyardlet and soak your headlet under the pumplet.—Ex.

MR. MELAAS LEAVING

Mr. Melaas has resigned his position on the teaching staff of Ames high school to accept a position as cashier in a bank at Huxley. The resignation to take effect today will leave vacant the position of geometry, commercial law and economics instructor. Mr. Melaas has had a close connection with the high school in many ways. He has charge of the financial end of the movies, arranges the assemblies, and is faculty business advisor to the Spirit. He has also served as assistant principal at various times, taking charge of the general running of affairs when Mr. Wygant was absent. He has taken over a large amount of financial work and it was solely due to him that last year's annual campaign was put over as well as it was.

The whole school wishes Mr. Melaas success and good luck in his new enterprise hoping it will give him satisfaction and pleasure.

PEP

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—

That's Pep,

The courage to act on a sudden hunch—

That's Pep,

The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb and hands that cling
And a heart that never forgets to sing,

That's Pep,

Sand and grit in a concrete base—

That's Pep,

Friendly smile on an honest face—

That's Pep,

The spirit that helps when another's down.
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown

That loves its neighbor, and loves its town—

That's Pep,

To say "I will"—for you know I can—

That's Pep,

To look for the best in every man—

That's Pep,

To meet each thundering knock-out blow,
And come back with a laugh, because you know,

You'll get the best of the whole darn show—

That's Pep.

—The Peptomist, Superior Normal.

EDITORIAL

ALL OUT TO THE DEBATES

Ames High has started her debating season this year with the most formidable team she has had in several years. The enthusiasm of the student body, however, is probably on the same scale as in former years. It is too early to tell just how the students will receive the teams but it is hoped that they will receive as much credit and approval as the athletic teams receive. We hope the debaters have the good fortune to win all their matches but if they do not—it is up to the student body to uphold them in their defeats and defend them as they do the football and basketball teams. There is only one possible exception which requires as much time and thought in speaking and that is declamatory. Good debating is an art which few possess and it seldom comes naturally. It requires weeks of long, hard work and is then often uncompleted. Consider the work of these people and try to appreciate their efforts by intelligently listening to what they have to say. Stand by the debaters and help them win.

OUR GROWING LIBRARY

Our attention is often called to the fact that outside reading material may be found in the school library. Almost every subject is covered more or less fully by books in our library which has grown rapidly in the past few years. New accessions have enlarged its scope and increased its value. Several encyclopedias and complete biographical series with books on high school subjects and daily papers and current magazines may be found on its shelves. With the enlargement of the reading room and the addition of a regular helpful librarian the library has taken the greatest step it has ever taken at one time. It is there for your use and your benefit. Use it rightly.

Diner—"Do you serve fish here?"

Waiter—"Yes sir. Sit down."

STUDENT OPINION

FORMATION OF A TENNIS CLUB

A few more warm spring days like these and we will again be swinging the tennis racquets—we hope; is the court in good shape?

Several years ago the students of the high school and business men of the town subscribed money to build a good tennis court at the high school. They built an excellent court and for a few years kept it in repair. It was the hope on the part of the original builders, that the court be kept in condition to play on all summer. However, this has never been carried out and there is never a net on the court in the summer months.

Last year during the school days the court was kept in good condition by constant use. Mr. Emmert and Mr. Wygant backed it during those days but after school was out the nets were put away and as very few people owned nets, the courts deteriorated.

We believe there are enough students in the high school who would like to play tennis in the summer to have the court kept in condition. This is possible only thru their own efforts, why not form an organization in the school of all those interested who are willing to spend a small sum of money and a little labor, to keep the nets up and courts marked in the summer?

DEATH OF THE CORRIDOR CLUB

After the corridor restrictions were placed on us this semester the Corridor Club held the formal burial of their constitution and by-laws.

The chief mourners were—"Coates" Cole, "Ducky" Duckworth, "Burn" Morrissey, "Aub" Smart, "Dot" Thompson, Cleo Lockwood, Cleo Meredith, "Dot" Dragoun.

Pall bearers: "Vince" Morrissey, "Bud"

Coe, "Jerry" Morrissey, Pauline Thompson, "Dot" Bullock, Mildred Gernes.

Principal C. E. Wygant conducted the services. He spoke of the splendid work of the club and the sorrow caused by its untimely death. Red Innes and Mike Morris rendered several beautiful duets. Interment was made under the apple tree in the south yard. The only inscription was: "Gone but not forgotten."

SOCIETY

On March 4th the Ahivenhatagi Campfire met at Marion Little's. Officers were elected. Faye Carter, president; Marjorie Price, vice president; Sarah Allen, secretary; and Elizabeth Gernes, treasurer.

Friday afternoon, April 10th, Miss Morning entertained a number of girls at a party at the Chocolate Shop, in honor of her sister Theodora. The girls present were: Dorothy Bullock, Dorothy Thompson, Cleo Lockwood, Mildred Gernes, Miss Clough, Dorothy Dragoun, Beryl Spinney, Doris Prall, Margaret Goodwin, Margaret Van Patten, Florence Perkins and Helen Cupps.

Marjorie Garretson entertained several of her girl friends at a party at her home last Wednesday evening. They spent the evening with games and dancing after which refreshments were served. Those present were: Dorothy Dragoun, Dorothy Bullock, Marybelle Cure, Florence Perkins, Lois Grimm, and Lorena Cure.

Victor Flickenger entertained several of his friends at a party last Monday evening. Miss Atwood and Miss Easter chaperoned. Refreshments were served.

Last Sunday evening "Bud" Coe entertained a few of his friends at a fireside party. We hear "Red" Innes had a lovely time taking care of the dolls.

BIG SPOTS ON THE CALENDAR

March 17th—Junior Class Play. (Tonight, don't forget.)

March 17th—Triangular Declamatory Contest, Ames, Boone, Newton, at Boone. Ames will be represented by Douglass in the oratorical class, Faye Caul in dramatic, and Ruth Baker in humorous.

March 20th to 24th—Vacation. Don't forget to go home.

March 24th—County Declamatory Contest. Doris Gray at Nevada.

March 29th—Sophomore Class Assembly. Long deferred, it ought to be a pipin!

March 31st—Triangular Debate. Ames, Boone, Marshalltown. Ames at Marshalltown; Marshalltown at Boone; Boone at Ames. Affirmative teams travel.

April 21st—All High Carnival.

ASSEMBLY NOTES

Wednesday, March 1st, educational films were shown, "Through Life's Window" and "Careless America."

The assembly of March 8th was postponed on account of the death of Mary Sloan member of the Sophomore class.

Mr. Wygant called a special assembly Thursday following the first period announcing that school would be closed until Monday on account of so much illness of the faculty and of the students.

CAMEL SPECIAL

One of our sleuths reports that the girls are behaving queerly of late. They are getting perverted notions about how to entertain gentlemen who call upon them Sunday afternoons. They caused much embarrassment to a couple of fine young men by giving them a Camel to smoke. Now, as we have said, these two fellows were as good as gold, and wouldn't have smoked a Camel for love nor money.

Evidently the girls were accustomed to use the vile weed themselves, and naturally expected their gentlemen friends to do the same. We understood that if girls used cigarettes they did it on the sly. But when they casually produce Camels and offer them to their friends (?) it sort of shocks us. Of course, it was very kind of the girls to give away the last two cigarettes they had left in the package, and it was also very courteous of them to light them.

Wha! should they do?

One Use for the Wicked

The wicked ones are in the world to produce patience in the good.—St. Augustine.



NEWS

Pearl Adams and Martha Van Patten have been absent from school on account of sickness.

Miss Atwood and Miss Easter spent the week end visiting friends in Nevada.

Doris Sherman who has been quarantined on account of scarlet fever has returned to school.

Gordon Copeland returned to school after having been ill with mumps.

Mr. Mayo, instructor in the manual training department, has been absent from school on account of illness.

Beulah Powell has been absent from school on account of sickness.

Seldon Cory has returned to school after a period of sickness.

Vera Knudson has returned to school after having been quarantined for several weeks on account of diphtheria.

Floyd Williams recently took the highest rank that any boy can in Boy Scout work at a recent meeting of the Court of Honor. This rank is "Eagle" scout which takes twenty-one merit badges in various lines of scouting.

Charles Guthrie is back in school after a siege of small pox.

George and John Thurbur, Robert Williams, and Donald Caswell, five of the A. H. S. boys, recently passed the tests for the "Junior Red Cross" life saving corps at the state gym.

Herbert Stiles is back in school after an attack of mumps.

Faye Caul went to Lake City, Friday, March 3rd, to the pre-district declamatory contest. She won second place. Miss Lynch, the dramatic director accompanied her.

A course in Bible study has been started in Ames High. The class has met three

times so far. The first meeting was directed by Mr. Melass the subject being "The Gospels." The second meeting was directed by Mrs. Maun, the subject being "Great events in the Life of Christ." The third meeting was directed by Mrs. Elliott, the subject being "Great Discourses in the Life of Christ."

MORE LINE LOGIC

There is nothing strange about having a bee in your bonnet. The strange thing would be to have a bonnet without a "B" in it.

You can't make a good job of painting the town red with water colors.

When a man is afraid to show his colors, it's a sure sign they contain a streak of yellow.

Instead of saying, "Thank you," most of the people to whom we give say, "Got any more?"

We Americans must be careful of speaking disparagingly of the British aristocracy now that it is so largely composed of Americans.

They say some of the starving of Europe are forced to live on garlic alone. Well, if they must live on garlic, it is just as well that they do live alone.

—Clintonian.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF JUNIORS

Have you noticed the astonishing number of marcelled among the Senior girls lately? Is it possible that the little dears are growing up?

Mr. Cole in Physics—"Barger, tell us about work."

Theron Barger—"I don't know anything about it."

Athletics

SENIOR GIRLS WIN ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

The same bunch of girls that galloped off with the numerals in the class basketball tournament last year, proved themselves victors again this year and will pin another '22 on their sweaters, besides adding a monogram to the high school banner.

The first round of the tourney was a clash between the Freshmen and Juniors, the latter outfit outclassing the Preps by a 17-9 count. Immediately following this game, the Seniors tangled with the Sophomores, the mixup ended 13-4 with the Soph's eliminated.

The final round was held the following week, enough time for all of the girls to find their breath again. The Preps and Sophs played first for the cellar position, and the Preps got it too after a 16-5 battle had been fought out. The major game between the Juniors and Seniors for honors followed and although the girls showed a good deal of scrap, neither team could seem to find the basket for very many counters, and the first half ended with the Seniors in the lead of a scant 4-2 margin. After a refreshing rest, the teams came back on the floor to fight for supremacy, but the Seniors found their stride and wow! How they did go, they piled up 16 points to the Juniors 2 and adding that onto what they already had, it made a grand 20-4 total.

The girls to receive the numerals are: Belknap and Wilcox, forwards; Gaston and Mettlin, centers; Stenerson, side center; and Waler and Sorenson, guards.

Mrs. W. G. Gaessler, the assistant professor in physical education of the college refereed all the games of the tournament.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1922 IS ANNOUNCED

The football season played by the Young Cyclones in 1921 was one of the best in the

history of Ames High, and as most of the members of the team are left, there should be a "rarin-to-go" team to rip holes in the teams that face our warriors in 1922.

The schedule as announced is:

Story City (here).....	Sept. 23, 1922
West High (here).....	Sept. 30, 1922
Iowa Falls (there).....	Oct. 7, 1922
Nevada (there).....	Oct. 14, 1922
Boone (here).....	Oct. 21, 1922
Ft. Dodge (there).....	Oct. 28, 1922
Marshalltown (here).....	Nov. 4, 1922
Grinnell (here).....	Nov. 11, 1922

GRINNELL DEFEATS AMES HIGH CAGERS

In the last basketball game of the season, the Young Cyclones were defeated by the Grinnell quintet Feb. 25, in a 28-16 battle.

I say battle, because it was nothing else; both teams playing furiously and fast, the ball being worked down to the basket a great many times in the first period of the game. Grinnell's defense showed up better in the last half and kept the Ames team well away from the basket, so their shots were mostly long ones which invariably missed the hoop.

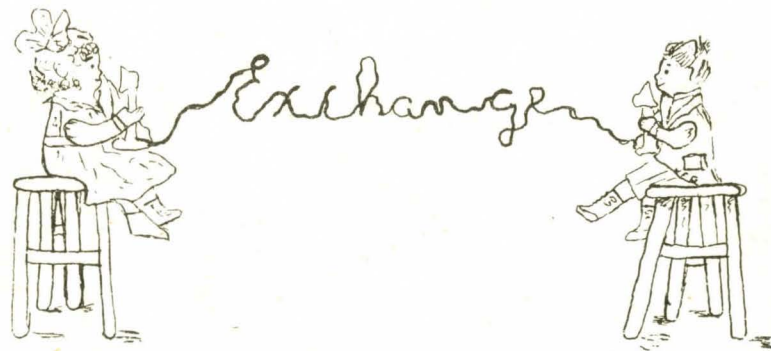
Smart, did the feature work for the Ames cagers, making all the points except two which were made by Holsinger. G. Lamb was the outstanding player for the visitors, having three field goals to his credit in addition to sinking eight out of his thirteen tries at the give away line.

Lineup and summary:

Grinnell—28		Ames—16
G. Lamb	F	Smart
Friend	F	Iden
S. Lamb	C	Coe
R. Lamb	G	Roe
Blair	G	Oberg

Substitutions: Ames, Innes for Iden, Holsinger for Oberg.

Field goals: Smart 5, G. Lamb 6, Friend 3, Holsinger, Reinfort 2.



Hardly a day passes without bringing in a great many Exchanges. They come from everywhere! East, west, south and north and it's not only the quantity but the quality that counts. Our Exchange list is composed of the very best papers in the United States and we're proud of it. Here are some comments on a few of them:

The Comet, Danville, Virginia—A new exchange and very welcome.

The Crocus, Mitchell, S. Dak.—Our first issue of the Crocus. Come again.

The Tiger, Princetown, Ill.—Your humor number was interesting.

The Tatler, West Des Moines, Iowa—Your mid-year commencement issue was excellent.

The Athlete, Vermillion, S. Dak.—A fine magazine devoted to the athletic interests of the middle west.

The Carolinean, Denton, Md.—An interesting paper, full of pep and life.

The Spotlight, Valley Junction, Iowa—We like your style. Come again.

Brookings School News, Brookings, S. Dak.—A good paper full of news and well displayed school spirit.

Lever, Colorado Springs, Co.—We like your Exchange column.

Newtonia, Newton, Iowa—Newton High is fortunate in having secured Gov. Kendall to deliver the commencement address.

Otaknam, Mankato, Minn.—The play "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" seems to be quite popular with the Junior classes this year. The class of '23 in Mankato chose this play and are working hard to make it a success.

Reflector, Shelley, Iowa.—We think more news in place of so many ads would improve your paper.

Owl's Hoot, Osage, Iowa.—We like your

paper. The article on school spirit was good.

Talisman, Seattle, Washington.—A new paper to be added to our list. It is composed of snappy and interesting material.

The Pepper, Estherville, Iowa.—It's been a long time since we've heard from you Pepper but your little paper is as peppy as ever.

Reflector, Middletown Township, N. J.—We like the idea of class news under respective headings.

Searchlight, Lexington, Ill.—Your "Inquiring Reporter" column is interesting.

Ah-La-Ha-Sa, Albert Lea, Minn.—Your humor issue is amusing and good reading.

HOW TRUE ARE THESE?

We are all equal—when we are asleep.
You can't explain anything you don't understand.

There's nothing to some books but a good title.

Responsibility either makes a man or breaks him.

The best idealism is that which expresses itself in works.

Many ideas, like many people, look good until you try them out.

When a business begins to lose money, the boss hates the bookkeeper.

A friendship founded on business is better than a business founded on friendship.

—Clintonian.

Did you ever see—

Cleo Duckworth alone?

Lyle Haverly (How could you help it?)

Dorothy Thompson study?

Clifford Osam in a hurry

Anything funny? If you did tell us about

it.



Miss Morning—"In the Middle Ages what was the block-house used for?"

Charles D.—"Oh, that was where they kept block-heads."

He—"Hasn't my dancing improved?"

She—"Yes, it has everything skinned, including my ankles."

"I sure do miss that cuspidor since it has gone."

"Well, you did that before," said friend wife. "That's why it has gone."

Agent—"I've got a device here for getting energy from the sun."

Mr. Jones—"Here! Give me one for mine."

Vincent Roupe—"How many subjects are you taking?"

Lorren Textrum—"I'm taking one and dragging three."

Coming to a toll bridge, Pat asked, "What kind of a bridge is this?"

"Go across and you'll be told," answered Mike.

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TAKEN FROM SPELLING EXAMINATION PAPERS

The polar bear lives in the Fahrenheit zone.

Some men drink campaign.

She was to assassinate him in the next election.

There is only one anaesthetic dancing teacher in town.

The quell is very deep and is used to hold water.

Herm Cole—"What is the date, please?"

Mr. Cole—"Never mind the date, the examination is the important thing."

H. C.—"Yes, but I want to have something right."

Mr. Cole (in Chem.)—"When you have finished writing, hold up your hands and I will collect them."

Dot Bullock (evidently in doubt)—"Our hands or the papers, Mr. Cole?"

Lost—"A check book by a lady that folds in the middle."

Miss Miller (English class)—"What is the meaning of green as 'He is a green boy?'"

Tom Carberry—"Oh, such as green grass; it is not as experienced as dead grass."

Gentleman—"Put your foot where it belongs."

Parsons—"If I did you couldn't sit down for a week."

"Father knows you're going to marry my sister," said the little brother.

"But I didn't know it myself until a day or two ago," said the astonished suitor.

"Oh, she's told you, too, has she?" replied the little brother.

He—"My heart is idol."

She—"Put it to work."

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Charlotte: George was the goal of my ambitions, but—

Marion: But what?

Charlotte: Father kicked the goal.

Shorty S.—"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?"

Curty K.—"A magician."

"Do you mean to call me a liar?"

"No, but the way you handle the truth is scandalous."

"Grandma, can you help me with this problem?"

"I could, dear, but do you think it would be right?"

"No, I don't suppose so, but you might have a shot at it and see."

Herbert—"Have you forgotten that you owe me five dollars?"

Frank—"Not yet, but give me time and I will."

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John C.—“Say, Earl, why don't you bring a compass to class so you can make the zeroes in your grade book perfect and much quicker?”

Prof.—“Name the greatest advantage of Roman civilization.”

Student—“The Toga; it never got baggy at the knees.”

Poor—“I've a cold in my head.”

Simp—“Well, that's something.”

He—“Don't go. You're leaving me entirely without reason.”

She—“I always leave things as I find them.”

Miss Anderson—“Vernon, I see your jaw working.”

Vernon—“Yes'm.”

Miss Anderson—“Well, come up here and throw it in the waste basket.”

SONG HITS

I'm “All By Myself” for “My Man” has gone out. He is just crazy to “Toddle” with “Sweet Marimba” but his “Ma” prefers “Peggy O'Neil” for she is such a “Sweet Kentucky Babe.” While my “Old Pal” was gone I was “Humming” “Ain't We Got Fun” and “All of a Sudden” my “Darling” came in singing “Home Sweet Home.”

—Exchange.

Guide: “Would you like to see the Widow's Home?”

Traveler: “Not me! Send the widows home in a taxi. I'm too busy.”

Teacher: You dirty boy, you. Why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning.

Jack: What was it?

Teacher: Eggs.

Jack: Wrong. I had eggs yesterday.

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What Every Young Man Should Know

(If he doesn't already)

Here's to the girl with the eyes of black,
Ask her for a kiss, she turns her back.

Here's to the girl with the eyes of brown,
Ask her for a kiss, she gives you a frown.

Here's to the girl with the eyes of gray,
Ask her for a kiss, she says “nay, nay.”

Here's to the girl with the eyes of blue,
Ask her for a kiss, she says “take two.”

—Exchange.

“What's your idea of wasting time?”

“Telling hair-raising jokes to a bald headed man.”

James—“Fadder, these shoes hurt every step I take.”

Father—“Then take fewer steps and there won't be so many hurts.”

“What have you in the shape of a cucumber, this morning?” asked the customer.

“Nothing but bananas ma'am,” same the polite rejoinder.

Mrs.—“Didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in John?”

Bragg—“Yeh, it started to strike ten but I stopped it to keep from waking you up.”

1st man: I told that young lady that you had more money than sense.

2nd man: Then what did she say?

1st man: She wanted to know if you had any money.

Emma: “O' I have the cutest new dress!”

Louise: “How is it made?”

Emma: “O, it just covers my knees!”

Man: “Is New York the next stop sir?”

Porter: “Yes Sah; brush you off sah?”

Man: “No, I'll get off myself.”

1c SALE—

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WHEN THOSE SHOES
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 them to
 ROUP'S SHOE SHOP

Miss Morning: I hope you have a pleasant spring vacation and come back knowing more than you do now.

Freshie: Same to you.

Mr. Cole: There were 15 failures in this class of 27.

N. Graves: The majority rules.

Mr. Melaas: Tomorrow I want you to come back knowing all about watered stock.

Freshie, after class: What did he say about feeding cattle?

Why were sample ballots for the primaries printed on green paper?
 In commemoration of the women voters.

Agent—"Is your mother home?"

Small Girl—"Nobody is home but the gold fish, and they are traveling around the globe."

Man (with his wife at hotel: Waiter, where's my honey?

Waiter: Sorry sir, but she doesn't work here any more.

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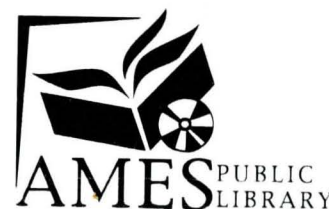
enjoy doing it. There isn't any trick to it at all.

Roll it out of the garage the second day, and the neighbors will think you have bought a new car.

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